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THE OBSERVATOR.

Of Provision for the Sailors. Dr. Read's *Charity to the Sailors. Of a Scandalous Libel call'd,* The Monster.

From **Wednesday** January the 17th, to **Saturday** January the 20th, 1705.

Country-m. MAster *Observator*, your Proposal for raising Sailors for the Use of Her Majesty in the Navy is reasonable enough; but a Gentleman told me nothing of that Nature will take Effect, as coming from you; because some sort of People hate you, and whatever you Propose, on that Account, cannot be Accepted.

Most People say that our Sailors have not Encouragement enough, and also that you are Tongue-Ty'd in that Particular; but, Sir, can you give me a Reason why so many Wealthy Men Dye, and leave such great Charities behind them, and so little, or none, of that Charity to the Sailors?

Obs. As I told you before, few Men have right Notions of the Interest of *England* by a Naval Security, otherwise the poor Decripped Sailors would not be left out of so many last Wills and Testaments; for certainly Men that leave Estates behind them cannot overlook that Grand Security which must preserve their Heirs in the Possession of those Estates.

Another Reason may be the Abuse of those Charities already left; should I mention *Greenwich* Hospital, it might be reckon'd invidious on my part; and I am told I have spoken too much on that Subject already: Nor indeed is it common Prudence to speak much to these Subjects, whilst the Representative Body of the Nation is Sitting, and our Noble Patriots, the Peers, are considering of the State of the Nation, in relation to Naval Affairs.

However, I hope I may Humbly Offer, That if an Account were taken of the Moneys in the Hands of the Brotherhood of the Trinity-House of *Deptford-Strond*, upon what Foundation they Act, and how the Moneys, by them Collected, has been, and is now Employ'd, that a much larger Sum would arise towards the Support of Disabled Seamen. I can but Hint these things, should I say more, perhaps, it would turn to my Prejudice.

Country-m. Master, tho' I am not minded to Fight, either at Land or Sea, yet I am willing to Contribute towards the Support of those that are Wounded, Maimed, or have lost their Limbs in either Service. 'Tis true, there is a Fund settled for an Hospital at *Greenwich*, out of the Sailors Wages, and, perhaps, it may be esteemed Impudence, in a Country Fellow, to say that we Landmen ought to contribute something towards the Support of the poor Sailors; for, according to the Conceptions of my Country Noddle, we Cowards that stay at Home ought to provide very well for those that Fight for us Abroad.

For look'ye, Master, if the Sailors did not Fight for us, the *French* would come and take Possession of our Cows and Horses, and all our Cattle; no more Beef and Pudding, no more Barn-Door Fowls, no more *October* for Master *Observator* and his *Country-man*; all the Gelt too will be Forlorn, not so much as a Six-penny Piece to buy a Quartan of Tobacco: All these good things do we now enjoy, because our Sailors are ready to Fight for us, and the *French* are afraid of 'em.

Obs. Roger, thou art got on a Ticklish Subject; but surely 'tis no Crime to commend our best Friends, our chief Defence and Support, the Sailors; without any Injury done to *Rhetorick*, may be call'd the Forlorn Hope of our Island; they must be the first destroy'd, if ever we are Conquer'd; they are the Stones in our National Walls, which if once Dilapidated must tumble, and then we shall become an easie Prey to any Invader: How much then does it behove a Politick People to keep these Walls in Repair? The neglect of which would look as if we were in a League against our selves.

If our Sailors have not done the Service that might have been expected from them, it is none of their Fault. We seldom or never heard that they Deserted a Brave and Noble Commander in the Time of Action: Let the Officers of Sir *Cloudsley Shovel*'s Squadron vouch for their Bravery in the late Action of *Velez Malaga*, where they Engaged the Enemy Yard Arm to Yard Arm, at which Time (as if a peculiar Providence attended Bravery) there were fewer Men kill'd in Sir *Cloudesly*'s Ship, than, I think, in any one of those Ships that Cannonaded at a distance.

Now, certainly there ought to be some Provision made for those whose Bravery has appear'd in so many Dangers, that those who have so often look'd Death in the Face, in the Service of their Country, should have some tollerable Comforts of Life after they are bereft of their Limbs. ——— I could say more, but the Times won't bear.

Country-m. Well, Master, we won't talk then of Publick Provisions made for the Sailors; but can't we contrive a private Fund for them out of our own Pockets?

Obs. That is not practicable. Private Funds are not to be allow'd, for what ever the pretence for such Funds may be: The Government is not certain to what use those Funds may in Time be apply'd. There can be no other way than for you to put the Money you raise as Charity for the Sailors, into the Fund of *Greenwich* Hospital.

Country-m. And so in 10 or 12 Years Time we shall have another great Hall Built, and fine Lodgings for Officers; no, no, King *William* saw so much of the Misapplication of the Money for *Greenwich* Hospital, that he withdrew his Charity some Years before his Death.

Here's one Doctor *Read*, Her Majesties Occulist, has Publish'd an Advertisement in the Gazette,

That

That he will Cure *Gratis* all poor Seamen and Soldiers of all Curable Diſtempers in the Eyes: This Doctor is an Honeſt Gentleman, I'll warrant him, I fancy he is my Country-man; and could I but come at him I would give him a full Pot of *October* as an Acknowledgement of his Charity to the Sailors.

Obſ. Doctor *Read* is the chief Occuliſt now in *England*, of great Knowledge and long Experience of the Diſtempers of the Eyes; he Cures many Hundreds of Poor Yearly, at his own Charge: And this Charity of his to the poor Seamen and Soldiers, is very Conſiderable, and I wiſh it might prove an Example to others. If every one, in his Station, would thus Befriend thoſe that hazard their Lives in the National Service, it would be a great Advantage and Encouragement to ſuch Perſons; but inſtead of that, we are the moſt diſreſpectful to Soldiers and Seamen, when the Wars are over, of any in the World; then they are Rogues in Red, and ſtink of Pitch and Tar, when indeed no Men ought to have better Proviſion made for them, after the Fortune of War hath render'd them unfit for Service.

Country-m. If this Doctor *Read* could Cure the Eyes of ſome Peoples Underſtandings, I would help him to a Power of Cuſtom, and he ſhould be well paid for his Pains, and ſhould begin with me firſt.

Obſ. Pray, *Roger*, what People do you mean that are Blind in their Underſtandings?

Country-m. Mean, Maſter, I mean nothing at all! There's no meaning in any thing I ſay or do; but ſure no Body can be diſgruntled at what I ſay, when I put my left the firſt in the Rank of theſe Blind Men: Now you pretend to ſee more and further than ſome People whoſe Buſineſs it is to ſee for the Publick, and who have the Proſpectives of I can't tell how many Hundreds of Year for that purpoſe, and this makes me ſee you ſo often in the Court of *Queens-Bench*: If the Eyes of your Underſtanding are now clear, I would deſire you to tell me what you ſee in that Pamphlet call'd *The Monſter*. A Satyr.

Obſ. I ſee as much in this Libel as in moſt I have Read for ſome Years laſt, and thoſe are not a few. It is a Character of Monſters, and 'tis Written by a Monſter; I can't believe him to be an *Engliſhman* but an *Ægyptian*, Born on the Banks of the River *Nilus*, ſo Fam'd for Monſters, for what Reaſons he ſtroal'd into *England*, whether led by Deſtiny or Neceſſity, I can't tell; but I ſuppoſe hitherto he has got his Living by telling of Fortunes, and by what he has Quack'd out of the People with his *Mummy*, and ſhowing his *Heiroglyphicks*.

He preſents you with a Raree-Show of Monſters, he has plac'd 'em in the Pulpit, at the Bar, among the Phyſicians, the Surgeons, the Tradesmen, every where: Emboldened by the good Succeſs of the *Exorbitant Grants-Man*, *Leſly*, and other Libellers: He ſets up for a *Northern* Libeller, according to the Example and Pattern of the Moderns.

The Houſe of Lords muſt feel the Laſh of every Libellers Pen; that great Bulwark of the *Engliſh* Liberties muſt be Storm'd at every turn; I have ſeldom found a Libel without ſome Reflection upon that Auguſt and Right Honourable Aſſembly.

Country-m. That's the Charm, the *Hocus Pocus* of Scribbling; can't you abuſe the Government and the Lords? Perhaps you may do as well as the *Exorbitant Grants-Man*, who got his Liberty from the *Queens-Bench* ſoon after the Publication of the Libel. —— But has he nothing to ſay to our Right Reverend Fathers in God the Biſhops? It is no Compleat Libel without it, according to Modern Examples.

Obſ. You may be ſure that is not forgot. Yes, you have Arch-Monſters, nay, Monarch-Monſters, he ſpares no Body; but 'tis a ſtrange, tho' a common thing, that the Fathers of our Church, the Beſt Set of Biſhops that ever were known in *England*, ſhould be thus Abus'd by every Libeller; but their Lordſhips Virtues are the beſt Defence of themſelves, and the Good Eſteem rais'd of 'em in the Minds of the Beſt Men, is far beyond the Reproaches of Infamous Libellers.

Country-m. Maſter, has he found any Monſters at Court?

Obſ. Abundance of 'em, great huge Monſters, with i can't tell how many little ones about 'em, like great Whales among Porpoiſes.

Country-m. And now, Sir, may any Body Abuſe the Great Men at Court, and you muſt not be allow'd to ſpeak the Truth of 'em?

Obſ. That's no matter of yours.

Country-m. But do you think the Hog will not find this Book, and carry it to Court?

Obſ. The Hog has many a Turnip and Carrot in a Year from that ſort of People, and won't be very forward to do 'em a Miſchief.

Country-m. Then he's the Son of a *Sow*; why, 'tis his Buſineſs to unkennel theſe Hounds that Snarl and Bark at the beſt Men in *England*. —— But, Maſter, does he ſay nothing of *St. Stephens* Chappel?

Obſ. Art thou minded to have me ſton'd, like the *Saint* of that Foundation? You know I muſt not ſpeak of that Place; he ſpeaks of *Tacks* and *Conſolidating*, meer Arabick to me; things I neither do or muſt Underſtand. What doſt ſtare at me for?

Country-m. To ſee what I can find in your Face, that you continually ſuffer for ſpeaking the Truth; for commending the Beſt Friends to the Queen and Government, and ſo many that Libel both, eſcape without Puniſhment. Come, Maſter, here's one Glaſs to your good Health and good Repoſe.

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